

I do I deem myself—miser am I—
 On my bosom such fair jewels lie—
 Whose right royal, o'er flashing with
 life,
 Sparkling, with new beauties
 rise.
 I cannot buy them, my treasures so
 dear:
 I cannot but drown when such marvels
 lie near;
 I shine fast pent in their shimmering
 rays,
 I dwell within me each evil desire.
 A crystal unclouded these priceless gems
 shine,
 I flood my life with Love's sweet,
 I live—
 I could see them these marvelous sap-
 phires I prize?
 I could see these? 'tis my baby's
 pure eyes.
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